

## American Gateway

Smoking doesn't get  
me high, anymore –  
gray cells  
I thought I'd lost years ago  
demanding  
something new & fearful  
bold, beautiful –  
Like rolling up your skin  
the scalpel, precise, glint –Your cold gray eyes  
yearning.  
Like rocks falling, through  
thousands of yards of seething mist  
to break into daggerish slivers, against raging froth.  
Like flying bricks, from  
children who stone their parents in the streets,  
people rioting, biting  
dogs and pigs.

Smoking with you,  
nerves of shrapnel, hands  
brutal, ready to spring.  
You take off your pants and jump  
into my car. I drive, drive, drive  
down Mount Molhulland Boulevard  
and watch you flash the occasional  
rotting old man, stumbling up his  
lonely driveway, cursing  
for the murders, the Sears ads, and the goddamn  
obituary.  
The radio rages  
orgasms in hell. You snort bumps off my dashboard.  
I stare at nothing, passing  
amber waves of pain  
the color of your hair,  
tearing in my hands. You shake.  
The tires screech a seething  
melody, and something deep  
below my chest, begins  
to slowly heat.

A lonely white house, surrounded  
by corn. Weathervane on the gray barn.  
White picket fence, an old blue ford,  
a pill-popping housewife  
with platinum hair  
we slice

like white bread, her blood  
gleaming like oil, like rubies  
Salty and sour, warm in the belly.  
You find her Demerols and  
crush them, with a Bible,  
We snort lines on her kitchen table. I jizz  
on her remains. We drive away, laughing.

Later, in a motel room,  
we smoke another joint, and little  
bullets, dancing in my veins, a tarantella.  
We talk about driving to California  
getting married, having kids  
or maybe becoming porn stars.

-Jake Walsh

